

5-1-1999

## In the Black Forest

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### Recommended Citation

Waters, Shaun (1999) "In the Black Forest," *The Griot*: Vol. 2 , Article 19.

Available at: <https://crossworks.holycross.edu/griot/vol2/iss1/19>

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## In the Black Forest

Waters: In the Black Forest

Travels the views of the traveler,  
The looking glass shattered,  
Fracture looking for character.  
Sights come and go,  
From which direction the winds blow,  
Head on collision with the falling moon glow.

Passing signs of mountain size,  
With small messages to circumcised minds.  
Traces of breath, vapor life leaving,  
Observing nature or natural believing.  
Inhale of bright stars, respiration,  
Breath in crystallized air and devour creation.

Watch change closely.  
As the path travels further into pattern,  
Step retraced once battled thoughts,  
With thoughts replaced.  
Ideas bounce from rays of truth,  
Suspended being, from a dying season's root.

Not science, nor books, can yet begin to open,  
The elements that the double helix stakes hope in.